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# The Harvard Common.

*The Harvard Lampoon*











"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition."

*From the London Lancet.*

**S**TATESMEN, when afflicted by the Presidential bee in the bonnet, are well worthy of medical notice. The following curious instances from the large "Capitol" Asylum and from a few roving patients may be of interest.

One Grant, once in the army, is booming. Imagines that a trip to India will make up for eight years of slip-ups at home. A homœopathic delusion that like will cure like.

One Blaine, known as the Favorite Son of Maine in certain wards; very violent; passionately devoted to black, but shudders at yellow. Becomes raving at the words "Rock Island" and "Mulligan."

Ros Conkling, a favorite son of York and Belial, thinks that he is pretty, and decks himself with brilliants. Does n't adhere to the truth; very inventive; always pottering over a machine. Imagines himself the owner of the New York Custom House. Is mollified by an allusion to his "torso."

Thurman, who piles up heaps of green paper, on which he writes, "This is a dollar." He is most dangerous, as all lunatics who imagine that something can be made of nothing.

An old man who hides behind a "bar'l" of money in a private asylum in Gramercy Park, New York, shrieking, "You cannot say I done it."

"I 0 a 0, Pelton,

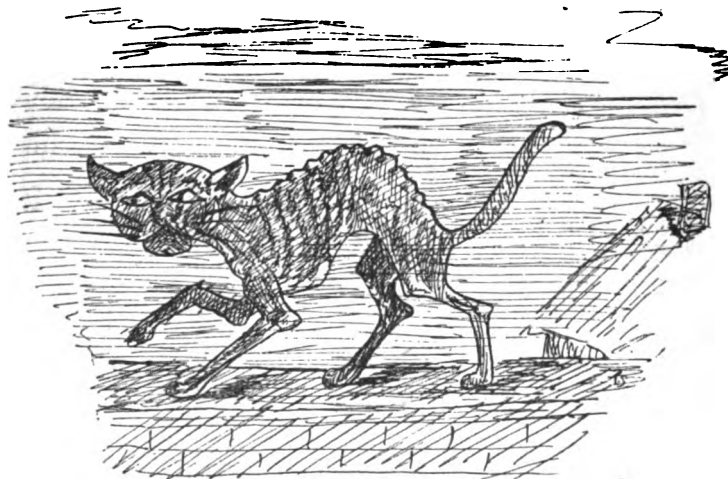
But you 0 me;

O, 0, no 0,

But O, 0 me."

A fat old rascal, who has been called names all his life, and has never been called bad ones enough. Kept in a bottle, labelled "Dynamite."

J. T. W.



[Réveillez-vous, ma belle endormie.]

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The  
Harvard  
Lampoon.

Cambridge, June 20, 1879.

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CHARLES B. PERKINS,

Sole Proprietor of the celebrated *Cut Cavendish* Tobacco for Pipes or Cigarettes.

# THE HARVARD LAMPOON.



**"SCROUGING AGAIN."**

Cambridge, June 20, 1879.

**A** GAIN the voice of the poet and orator is heard in the land ; again the barren soil of Cambridge is converted into a land overflowing with ice-cream and strawberries, and the merry-go-round of maidens and men whirl through a lantern-lighted world. It is a pretty transformation scene enough, and let Columbine dance her prettiest, and Harlequin make the most of his brief prominence. Poor old Pantaloon has seen the thing so many times that he may be excused if he occasionally yawns and moans his lost dinner. Damp grass and draughty window-seats are not the most comfortable things in the world for old gentlemen afflicted with rheumatism, and, besides, is he not paying for the piper, that others may dance ?

When the curtain has rung down, light-skipping Harlequin will find it hard enough to crawl home to bare lodgings, and the butter for his bread is not to be had for the asking.

Poor Columbine, when she ruefully looks at her spangles to-morrow morning, will be awakened to the fact that Harlequin's love-making was a soft nothing, after all. But it is all very pretty while it lasts.

#### LAMPY TO SEVENTY-NINE.

**M**Y boys, you have come to the end of your rope ;  
Your vessel is anchored, her canvas is furled.  
It's " All hands ashore ! " and the ship's crew is bound,  
Armed each with his sheepskin, out into the world.

You'll find this same world quite a sizable place,  
A very big puddle — you, very small toads.  
The bullfrogs will cuff you and tread on your corns,  
And squeeze you out into the narrowest roads.

You'll find that a " prominent man in his Class "  
Don't weigh very much with the great world outside.  
And Winchester's clothes will not put him above  
Another whose ready-made garments are dyed.

Evolution will seem to go backward a peg,  
The butterfly retrograde into the grub.  
Four years you have flitted about in the sun ;  
Your play-day is over, — and now for the rub !

The German won't help you in mercantile life ;  
You may conquer the sex, but not, therefore, the Law ;  
Your base-hits don't serve you a Master's degree ;  
The race for M. D. can't be won with the oar.

Your row is a hard one, but do not despair,  
And, *semper fideles*, hoe on to the end.  
Be honest and brave, keeping ever in mind,  
You're sons of Fair Harvard, and Lampy's your friend.

**D**EAR girls, Lampy bids you welcome to the festivities of Class Day !

You are looking very charming, Miss Mary, in that outlandish hat, and those red ribbons are wonderfully becoming, Miss Minna, to your style of beauty. You have come for a good time, and from his heart Lampy hopes you may have it. So glad you came early, and mean to go through the whole day, from the oration to the illumination. You may not particularly enjoy the exercises in Memorial, for they may be long, and it certainly will be hot ; but you will enjoy the rest of the day more by contrast. Some of your Junior friends will sit with you in the Theatre, and will point out to you the Seniors whom you chance not to know, but about whom you have heard, — Outrigger and Pullum of the Crew, Field of the Nine, Touchdown of the Eleven, and all the rest. Jack and Charley will join you, after the exercises, in all the ghastliness of claw-hammer suits by daylight, and your Junior friends will immediately give place to them. Juniors are all very well while the Seniors are not at liberty, but you have not come to Class Day to see them, — next year will be time enough for that, — and to-day they must yield to the Senior prerogative.

And now for the Gymnasium spread. Mother is rather on your mind, but there is Mrs. Roseleaf for her to talk to, and she will do very well. How well Amy Roseleaf looks ! And is she really engaged to that handsome Mr. Holworthy ? And there is Mr. Stoughton. " How d'ye do, Miss Mary — so glad, Miss Minna ! Been to the Theatre exercises ? Was n't the poem good ? Excuse me." Rather a brief conversation that, but the Seniors must be a little erratic to-day, for each plays the host to dozens of friends. " Oh ! certainly. Thank you, it *is* very warm here. Mamma, Minna and I are going over to the Yard to hear the music, with Jack and Charley. We will meet you," etc.

And so on and so on through Harvard's gala day. The concert on the green, the dancing in Memorial Hall, the Tree exercises, the Pudding spread, the tea at Morgan's, — all will go toward making the picture you will carry with you as long as you live. And, to crown all, be sure you secure a Holworthy window-seat (*for two*) for the illumination and concert in the evening. Lampy will come and see you there, — but don't be afraid, he will not disturb you, for he is discreet, and was young once himself. And he will go back to his den to begin his long vacation nap, carrying into his dreams your bright faces, and grateful to you for having come to grace the festival of his boys, — his good boys, — the Class of Seventy-nine.

## RELIGIO LAICI.

"Ethics is a practical science."

**L**EARN to be all things to all men ; and what in the world does it matter

That thou art nothing to thyself alone ?

Bright to a brighter, and good to a better, and flat to a flatter, —

But always echo in a lower tone.

He who has found himself, whatever himself may think him,

Has found a fool — of that you may be bound ;

When you have found you're a fool, you should grapple that fool and sink him

Deeper than eye can reach or plummet sound.

Never, on subjects the spelling-books mention as great, get excited —

If you *must* speak of them, be mildly bored —

But of impressions, society, trifles, *raffoles* delighted ;

Of these speak weightily with earnest word.

Nor, above all, take trouble to set right a misapprehension, The flattering illusion ne'er dispel ;

Ne'er should you pose as a wiser, nor, serious e'en in intention,

Let truth stick in the bottom of her well,

Where a wise Providence placed her. Perhaps, to avoid ugly messes,

Is honesty the best of policies,

If you are not *very* smart — but remember, 't is what he possesses

That makes a man, and never what he is.

Fall not in love — but if thou dost, let it not be confessed, And make the maiden fall in love with you.

Be, if in matters of this sort thou wouldst be the most blessed,

Not *l'un qui baise*, but *l'un qui tend la joue*.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR CLASS-DAY,

JUNE 20, 1879.

**A**T 9.30 o'clock, the Senior Class assemble in front of Holworthy Hall, and march to the Chapel for prayer by the Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D.

At 10.30, Sanders Theatre will be open for those having tickets, no others being admitted until the Class have entered.

At 11.15, the Senior Class reassemble in front of Holworthy Hall, and march to Sanders Theatre, where the exercises will occupy two hours or more.

From 2 to 5, there will be music on the Green, and dancing in Memorial Hall.

At 5.15, the Class will reassemble in front of Holworthy Hall, march through the Yard, cheer the Buildings, and go through the usual exercises at the Tree, where the Class Song will be sung.

At 5, Harvard Hall and Holden Chapel will be open for the entrance of those having seats at the windows.

The entrance to the seats around the Tree will be between Holden Chapel and Hollis Hall, and will be open at 5. After the exercises at the Tree, and during the remainder of the evening, a ticket will be required of every person entering the portion of the Yard enclosed by the rope.

The entrances to the roped-off portion of the Yard will be at the end of Massachusetts, between Grays and Weld, Thayer and Holworthy, and Thayer and University.

The President will receive Seniors of all departments and their friends at his house from 7 to 9.

From 8 to 10, illumination of the Yard and of Holworthy, and playing of the band on the Green. Dancing in Memorial Hall from 8 till 11.

At 8.30, singing of the Glee Club in front of Holworthy.

No person will be admitted to Sanders Theatre, or to the exercises at the Tree, without a reserved seat ; and no person to Memorial Hall, or the Yard in the evening, without a ticket.

All Seniors and Students are obliged to have tickets.

All Seniors are requested to appear in dress suits, black hats, and white cravats, and also to appear in the same dress on Commencement, June 25th.

Seniors are particularly requested to avoid any absurdity of dress at the exercises around the Tree.

No carriages or teams will be allowed in the Yard after 12 M., and none will be allowed to stand in the Yard at any time.

In order to assist the Committee in carrying out their plans, and render the roping-in of the Yard effectual, the students are requested to conform strictly to the above arrangements.

JOHN TEMPLEMAN COOLIDGE,  
CHARLES STEDMAN HANKS,  
HERMAN STEWART LE ROY,  
*Class-Day Committee.*





**THE GREAT ANNEX IDEA,—THE AQUATICS OF THE FUTURE.**

**WHAT WE ARE COMING TO — PERHAPS.***"The best of Prophets of the future is the Past." — BYRON.***ARGUMENT.**

IT is the ninth year from the time of the combination of the 'original Harvard College for men with the Annex for the Private Collegiate Instruction for women, in the year 1890. The poet, with the help of that little bird who tells the tales of the present and lifts the veil of the future, introduces his hearers to the rooms of the Hurried Mush Society, where its women members are debating the question just raised among the Overseers, as to whether men shall be admitted to Harvard any longer; the debate, led by one Minerva Blujam, is unfortunately interrupted before its close by the untimely entrance of a pessimistic June bug, who believes only in the past, and the subject of discussion is left in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition, not unusual as far back as 1879; but though the poet is sorry to disappoint any one, he still thinks that this fragment may contain something of suggestion to those who will take it.

Time : eight o'clock, one night in June ;  
 The hour when bullfrogs in the pool  
 Lift up their voice in merry tune,  
 While on the marsh-wind, soft and cool,  
 Yet nearer and more near we hear  
 The first mosquito's notes of cheer.  
 Place : Cambridge town and Harvard's halls ;  
 Here, one bright-lighted chamber calls,  
 Within whose curtain's folds are found  
 A pleasing sight, a gladsome sound.  
 Wall-paper of the sagest green,  
 A tall bedragoned Chinese screen,  
 A mantel-shelf whose Minton tiles  
 Tell tales of Eve and Serpent wiles ;  
 Rag-carpet curtains, wondrous rugs,  
 And in the midst a table spread  
 With dainty cups and silver jugs  
 And fare that gods might make their bread ;  
 That is, say, rather, goddesses :  
 For here around the room are sitting  
 Just sixteen maiden members, knitting.  
 Fair maidens ? Yes, or passing fair, —  
 But that is neither here nor there.  
 For when a woman's wise and witty,  
 Why, pray, should any stop to care  
 If still, with all her wit, she's pretty ?  
 Besides, whether we care or no,  
 It makes small difference, more's the pity.  
 But listen ! for the babbling flow  
 Of all the maidens' laughing sawder  
 Is stopped, as with her tiny gavel  
 The Presidentess calls to order ;  
 And then, while this one smooths her gown,  
 And some their skeins of yarn unravel,

While others force a learned frown,  
 A tall and sad-eyed maid begins  
 This essay, thoughtful, pondered long : —  
 " Shall Harvard College think it wrong  
 That men, for their neglect and sins,  
 Henceforth be kept without her gates ?  
 Or shall they still come here, to mingle  
 With us, whose maiden aims are single,  
 Whose thought to naught but work relates ?  
 That you may judge," the reader said,  
 " With knowledge, and may justice do,  
 I'll sum up in a word or two  
 A few facts, now long past and dead.  
 Somewhere near 1876  
 A question came, men's minds to mix,  
 Whether or no indifference  
 Was undermining grit and sense.  
 Some men took this side, some took that ;  
 The college papers ran abuse,  
 The Nation now — but what's the use  
 Of bringing up this stale and flat  
 Unprofitable thought and speech ?  
 Enough that, leaving all the old  
 And honored ways remaining few,  
 Naught good that lay within their reach  
 They called, but spent their time  
 In endless search for something new.  
 Studies, athletics, Greek, and ball  
 Lost, one by one, their followers all ;  
 The President the fashion caught,  
 And still some new perfection sought.  
 To make the greens of Cambridge city  
 A German university,  
 With new electives, first he tried ;  
 New buildings followed side by side ;  
 A dining-hall to serve as text  
 For long-drawn homilies ; and next,  
 To quite divert the student mind,  
 He added to his house a grace  
 That strangers, seeking, fail to find.  
 A new gymnasium came apace ;  
 But still the same indifference curse  
 With each new year grew worse and worse.  
 The college papers longest stood  
 Against the downward-tending mood.  
 But finally, though each one tried, —  
 The one, old goody, to be funny,  
 The other, sporting, to make money,  
 Both Advocate and Crimmon too  
 Soon perished, as sweet Lampy drew  
 Away subscribers, hopes, and pride.  
 And then, for some strange cause unknown,  
 The Lampon, holding sway alone,  
 Found no new editors, and died.  
 At length,\* in a fit of sheer desperation,  
 The President said that hereafter the college,  
 With all its abundance of riches and knowledge,

\* 1882.



Should be open to women of every station,  
 Subject, of course, to special probation.  
 And now, while we women, in hope and in joy,  
 Are moulding ourselves for the good of the nation,  
 Shall these lazy male loafers make culture their toy  
 And turn to reproach that great name, education?  
 Devoted to dress, without muscle or brains,  
 Unfitted by nature and habit for work  
 That they cannot perform and so cannot but shirk.  
 What, pray, in all justice, — what longer remains,  
 But to send those away to a more fitting sphere,  
 Whose place, in all reason, can never be here?"

Thus ending, somewhat in a heat,  
 The sad-eyed maiden took her seat.  
 Discussion followed. One tall maid  
 Began in measured accents staid:  
 "A somewhat immature reflection,  
 Perhaps a lack of keen perception,  
 Has led our sister out of bounds.  
 But still, though harsh her essay sounds,  
 I think it probably well meant,  
 And can but praise its sentiment."  
 Could fallow skin and eagle nose  
 Cause such opinion? No one knows.  
 Another jolly little maid,  
 With big brown eyes and frisky hair,  
 While fast and faster knitting, said,  
 "I don't believe she's argued fair!  
 It's all a slander, so then! there!"

A third, as still her yarn she wound,  
 Said slyly, "Wisdom, I confess,  
 In college men I've not yet found;  
 But then, I must say, nevertheless  
 They're very nice to have around."  
 Another answered, soft and low,  
 "About men's muscle I don't know,  
 But here's a little lovelorn ditty  
 One wrote; it seems to me quite pretty,  
 And may be, if he went away,  
 'T would be the last for many a day.

' Under the apple-tree  
 Sweet sleeps my love,  
 Under the light and shade  
 Dancing above.

' Down from the apple-tree,  
 O'ercome with bliss,  
 Swift fly the smitten blooms,  
 My love to kiss.

' Gone from the apple-tree,  
 Life they have left.  
 Life were as death, if of  
 That kiss bereft.

' I, like the apple-tree,  
 Bend o'er my love;  
 E'en like the smitten blooms,  
 Kiss I my love."

"Stuff and nonsense!"  
 "Gross impertinence!"  
 "The very idea of calling it pretty!"  
 "To think —"  
 To think? — well, what? — The June bug knew,  
 Whose ill-timed coming made such a to-do  
 As never was seen in the Hurried Mush  
 Since even the time of its opening crush.  
 Such shrieking of women and smashing of cups!  
 And all because that June bug ups  
 And buzzes, and bumbles, and settles at last  
 Right down in a cup of English Breakfast.  
 But now, while these maidens each other berate,  
 And try, while their tongues run a hurrying gait,  
 Their drinks and their tempers at once to keep hot,  
 Let us quit this bright future, at least for the present,  
 And leave to the women their storms in a teapot.

## NIGHT THOUGHTS.



HAT was it  
 that lay in  
 her thought,  
 As we waited  
 out there, so  
 idly sitting.  
 So dreamily  
 sitting?  
 What was it the  
 twilight had  
 brought  
 To her mind,  
 with its shad-  
 ows darker  
 fitting?

What was it that blushed in her cheek,  
 And flushed in her forehead, so lightly crossing,  
 So witchingly crossing,  
 A playing at hide and seek  
 With the dance of her elf-locks softly tossing?

Was it I she was thinking about,  
 That so quiet she sat while I was telling,  
 So peacefully telling,  
 My prospects and hopes? Should I doubt  
 'T was for me and my going those blushes were welling?

What was it, — that light in her eye?  
 Might it not be a kindly meant suggestion,  
 A loving suggestion,  
 That the best way of saying good-by  
 Was to brave "my Papa," and pop the question?

What was it, — she turned her again  
 With that light in her eyes so idly sunny,  
 So dreamily sunny: —  
 "You know all the Harvard men?  
 Pray, are all like yourself, or are some of them funny?"





*First Harvard Student.* OH, I SHALL GET THROUGH, OLD MAN! YOU SEE, I'VE GOT A PRECIOUS RETENTIVE MEMORY.

*Second Harvard Student.* THAT'S JUST WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME. MINE'S SO DEUCED RETENTIVE THAT I CAN'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF IT.

**CLASS-DAY.**

*Cousin Daisy (who has never been to Class Day before) with a confiding smile. YOU KNOW I HAVE VERY FEW FRIENDS HERE, COUSIN WILL, SO I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO TAKE ME OUT IN THE DANCE ROUND THE TREE!*

**Answer to Correspondents.**

**ROWING MAN.** Having considered your question in all its lights, we answer, that it is not worth while to tilt your boat from side to side as you row, even to keep barnacles and crabs from catching hold on the bottom. For, in the first place, the catching of crabs is generally passive on their part; and secondly, should any barnacles adhere, number one's acquaintance with the bow necessitates that of scraping, and thus he can easily remove them.

IN reply to **ATHLETE'S** question, "What comes after swinging one Indian club?" we would suggest, "Swinging with two."

**MORCEAUX**

**LOST**, — by a member of the Senior Class, a head, just before going in to the examination in History 5. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at No. — Holworthy.

**Scene, — Haberdasher's Shop.**

*Dalton Beck.* I want to look at some neck-handkerchiefs, please.

*Shopman.* Ah yes, yes! These will suit you for spring wear. They are very genteel, — *I have a set myself.*

*[Beck seeks a neighboring apothecary for a tonic.]*

AN old gentleman of Lampy's acquaintance was somewhat disgusted on his eightieth birthday, which occurred the other day, to receive from some of the younger members of his family a book of sermons with the agreeably suggestive title, "Go up higher."

## GETTING READY.

## THE ACTING-MANAGER'S LOG.

6.15. Well, has n't any one come? Guess I'll dress first and be ready to boss the others. Oh, you here, Jack? Suppose you get ready, for Frederick's waiting up stairs.

6.30. All right; but where are my mitts? And how short this dress is in front, three inches full, and I with these horrid boots? Wonder if Lucas can get me some mitts. He's off now; oh, how slowly he walks!

6.43. Frederick's fixed me. How hideous I do look; a very ogre of a mother-in-law! Let's come down to see if any one has come. Yes, all here.

What a scrimmage! But why does n't that costumer come out with the rest of the dresses? Perhaps the carriage was n't ordered. Oh, you saw him coming? All right. No, Asterisk, we can't leave out all of the third act, and you must sing that song yourself. Leave out the roughs? Well, if you don't know them. But—well—yes, perhaps we had better.

7.00. Oh, has the costumer come? How do you do, sir? Here is your room, and we can come in one by one. You fellows brace up, there's only an hour more. Go up and get your wigs as soon as you can.

Yes, Harry, I am rather a fright. That's right, Bill, I wish you would try that over with George; it won't hurt you any.

No, Alick, I don't want you to sing, you are hoarse already; and mind you don't howl on the choruses till after your song.

7.15. Mr. Costum, can you make my dress a little longer in front? As quick as you can, please; sorry to keep you waiting for those rosettes, Bill. (But he does wait till)

7.30. Oh, thank you, Mr. Costum, and now will you fix my shawl? Well, I'll wait till after you, Harry,—no, I should say, Enid.

Up to the green-room. Stage all set. What's this carpet down for? You did n't tell him to? I'd like to know who did. Who ever heard of a baronial hall with a carpet? Be sure it's taken up after the act.

7.45. Oh yes, when you speak you must be sure it is loud enough; look at the farthest man in the room, and if his eyes wander, speak louder. Yes, it's better to prompt too soon rather than too late. Better send out Lucas to light the footlights. Oh, that shawl! yes, that must be put on. Down stairs again. Mr. Costum, can you find my shawl? Why, hav en't you three men been fixed yet?

8.00. Shawl all right. Be quick with those three ladies, Costum. Up stairs. Oh no, these things are

always late. We must wait for Alick and Charley and Hugh. Those three girls are always the latest.

8.15. Alick, ready at last? Glad to see you; you're really charming.

8.30. Charley, all right? Glad to see you; you're really charming.

If all you gentlemen will take your places on the stage, ready for the first act, we'll ring up when Hugh's ready. Dick, will you tell him to make as short time as he can?

8.45. Dick, go down and tell Hugh and Costum to come up together. He can dress him till it's time to go on. What is it, Tom? you think some one had better be sent down to Hugh. Excuse me, but are you acting manager, or I? Little fool!

Oh Hugh, you here, you look charming. Gentlemen, all ready. Ring up, Fred!

9.00. Jove! here them clap my song! What fun it is to run things!

## LINES BY A COMTIST.

INSPIRED BY THE PORTRAIT OF HIS GREAT-GRAND-MOTHER-IN-LAW.

I.

H cursèd, cursèd fate;  
That I was born so late,  
Or thou so soon!  
Fond Nature could not wait  
Such beauty to create,  
But fixed thy natal date  
In 1738,  
Some day in June.

While me she made alive  
In 1855,  
In winter wild.  
To January drear  
Belongs my sad career,

Too late thy voice to hear,  
Too late my soul to cheer,  
Hadst thou but smiled!

O, could my stars have seen

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With minus sign  
Writ 'gainst my date of birth,—  
Then had this empty earth  
Been full of joy and mirth,  
And all that I am worth  
Been only shine!

My soul to thee had flown,  
As one that seeks his own  
With act spontaneous;  
But envious Fate delayed



My natal hour, dismayed,  
Of perfect bliss afraid  
Had she such beings made  
Contemporaneous.

When, tranced in thought, I gaze  
Upon thy pictured face  
Before me pendant,  
Oh, then at last I see  
My will was never free;  
Belinda wedded me, —  
I was but seeking thee  
In thy descendant!

But now, — oh wretched fate,  
To be so out of date;  
My course to run  
In deprivation drear,  
With groan, and sigh, and tear —  
(I tell you what, my dear,  
Just please let go my ear, —  
It's only fun).

#### OUR PICNIC.

MALLOCK and Holden are youths of great sentiment, who delight to dissect the hidden springs of human action as they ride carelessly through the shady roads of Dustsex County. They are never so vulgar as to go to anywhere in particular, and, leaving the horse to its own sweet will, discuss with loosened rein the sarcasm of Fate and the misery of an ambition unsatisfied by the commonplace trivialities of life in America.

Thus rapt in converse one fine afternoon, their horse, spurred on by a controlling destiny, ambled over the excellent roads for which Dustsex County is so justly celebrated, turning now to the right and now to the left. He has turned a sharp corner now, into a wood road, but the two philosophers do not notice the boulders which strew the way, and jounce the dog-cart so that it creaks and careens over in an alarming way. The way is choked by underbrush and scrubmaples, but the horse crashes through as conscious of his destiny as Napoleon returning from Elba.

"My dear Mallock," says Holden, "you have never lived in New York; it is an enormous hotel; there is no more stability to life there than — Hang it!"

Holden's simile seems obscure and abrupt, but I cannot picture to you the elastic birch-bough which slashed him across the eyes, and hurled his "billycock" hat beneath the wheels, nor his quick change of expression from anger to delight as he rubbed his smarting eyes, and saw a lovely glen surrounded by low hills. Below the road a stream flowed over the ruins of an old dam, while on the banks a group of birch-trees glistened in the breeze.

"A paradise, egad!" cried Mallock, — "fit haunt for muslin and claret-cup."

"Let us show the world that an artistic picnic is a possibility," replies Holden. "Methinks I know a maid 'not too divine to toss you up a salad.'"

They drove on, and, trusting to their inspired steed, got home at midnight with a broken wheel.

The years fled by, till they brought up on a "rare" day — even for our June — 95° in the shade, and muggy. That irreproachable youth who so deftly steers the park-phaeton, which is sprouting with coaching umbrellas, can be none other than Holden. From the shocked titter on the back seat, it is too evident that Mallock is sentimentally cynical. He is probably exhibiting his hollow world, hinting delicately that there is but one flash of sunlight, made brighter to him by the darkness of all else.

"How quite too awfully lovely it will be at the 'Mill,' Mr. Mallock," says a low voice. "Do you suppose it was built by the Norsemen?"

"You're going the wrong way, Holden," cries Mallock; "I'm certain of it."

Holden turns to wither him with a glance, and nearly succeeds in upsetting the trap.

The "parterre" waves wildly, and a cry of alarm wakes the echoes.

Are not these the boulders over which the phaeton is crashing — but the underbrush *is* a trifle thick — in fact, if it were not that Mallock insists that it is a clear, fine road, the Scoffer would have thought it a jungle.

"We must tie up the horses here, and walk," Mallock dolefully says. "I know we are on the right track. Here, Scoffer, take the claret, the ice-box, the ginger-beer, the hamper —"

"Of the red-haired Cobbler," retorts the Scoffer, from under his burden.

The party crashes through the brush; a bottle of ginger-beer explodes with the heat; there is a genuine tear on Scoffer's face; it has gone down his neck.

"We'll soon be there. I know that boulder. How cool and green it will be! Come, wake up, Holden, and run to the crest of the hill!" cries Mallock.

The breathless party reach the top. Holden and Mallock point triumphantly, grow pale, and stammer. The party turn, and behold — a dried-up brook, a score or two of freshly cut stumps on a bank, and a gravel heap; while a pile of stone-work, as poetical as a railway embankment, does duty for the old mill.

"Is ginger-beer good for such things?" inquires Holden, in dull despair, as he supports the fainting Mallock. "Or a sandwich, or a piece of frosted cake, or an olive, or a sardine?" malignantly shrieks the Scoffer, proffering the dainties — "and the horses have run away!"

## AU REVOIR—(we hope).

*High in the sky the summer's sun  
 Warns us the year has quickly run  
 Its seasons round, and June again,  
 With perfumed breath and rosy train,  
 Calls us from work, from books and themes,  
 With notes of birds, and murmuring streams.  
 The Ibis longs its thirst to slake  
 In running brook or shady lake,  
 While Lampy seeks a quiet day  
 To dream the long, bright hours away.  
 But first farewell to "Seventy-Nine,"  
 A toast we drink in ruby wine:*



*"Prosperity and peace attend  
 Where'er thy parting footsteps wend"*











AUG 21 1945

